

Cliffnotes, June 22, 2000

by Chance

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 Archive: The Wanderings, ELF Command, Avant Guard, WWOMB, anyone else ask please
> Disclaimer: ::all together now:: I don't own them <g>
 Author's notes: Thanks to Shannon for the beta, you rock
> For AT, I miss you.

> ****

> Loud, pounding footsteps echoed off the brick walls of an alley as two figures raced through it, the taller of the two glancing over his shoulder to see if they'd eluded their captors. He could still see them a ways off, hot on their trail and closing in. He was quickly running out of breath and his legs were wobbling more and more with every step, but he had to push on; they couldn't be caught again.

> "Robbie...I'm...tired..." the smaller of the two ground out, forcing the words past his burning throat and out into the night air.

> Robert Bridger looked down at his little brother and tried to hide the fear he knew was shining from his eyes. They'd only been running for a few minutes, but already it felt like hours and he didn't think they'd be able to make it much longer. Normally the star athlete in any sport, Robert's stamina was waning quickly and Lucas' wasn't far behind.

> They'd been abducted from their home over a week ago and the kidnappers hadn't seemed very concerned with their well being, rarely feeding them or taking them anything to drink. Lucas and Robert had even been forced to relieve themselves in the corner of the small, concrete room, making the already unpleasant stench unbearable.

> The older boy had heard their kidnappers arguing in the other room something about a Section 7 and the need to escape something, but he'd had no other clue as to why he and Lucas had been taken and had turned his energies into keeping his little brother reasonably safe and comfortable. Not an easy task although Lucas tried to be brave; he was only four and terrified out of his mind.

> Through some slip of fate, or a miracle, Robert had managed to get him and Lucas out of the warehouse they had been kept when the men had taken them to the bathroom for only the second time in the week they'd been there. Luckily, the window latch was broken and he'd squeezed them out, but not before they'd been spotted and the chase had begun.

> Now they were stuck running down an alley, their already tired bodies quickly becoming exhausted from the strain of continued running and fear coursing through their veins. The kidnappers were catching up and the brothers were far away from anyone that could help them. They had no where to go.

End
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